

## Old Haunts, New Cities

Typhoon

I was cruisin' in the night streets  
I was looking for my hotel  
I was lost in some strange city  
And I couldn't find my hotel room  
I was desperate in the midnight hour  
I needed sleep, a sink and shower  
But when one room's like the next  
It's hard to tell

At last I picked a spot  
Where I thought that I had been before  
With the elevator broken  
I dragged myself up fourteen floors  
And at the top of this old building  
I knew no numbers but I knew a feeling  
And my key slid effortlessly  
Into the door

When I crossed into that space  
I was met with a familiar smell  
But it was wrong and out of place  
There was a woman in my hotel room  
She said, "you might have known me all my life  
But who was I before tonight?  
Kiss me now, I promise I won't tell"

Love, it will haunt you  
Whether or not you want it to  
But for me, my only company  
Are these ghosts that barely come to me  
Only when I look for something else